Better Late Than Never

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Better Late Than Never by NerdysNova

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Summary:

Beverly had been avoiding Ben for three days now. She thought she was being
subtle.

She wasn't.

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Aka Beverly has a dream about Ben.... She's not entirely sure what to do about this.

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Author's Note:

So first things first:

They are all aged up 17/18

Secondly:
I did not rate this explicit because nothing ACTUALLY happens...but there are some very (read blatantly) suggestive themes.
You've been warned. :)

Enjoy!!!

Beverly had been avoiding Ben for three days now. She thought she was being
subtle.

She wasn't.

"Did you and Haystack have a fight or something?" Richie asked.
He and Bev were standing behind the pharmacy after school, as they did at least once a week.

Beverly remained quiet, offering Richie cigarette. Richie shook his head.
"I'm cutting back, remember?"
Bev found a smirk wriggling its way into her face. "Why? Eddie doesn't like kissing an ashtray?"
Richie rolled his eyes, trying to hide his grin. He ran a hand through his hair, not denying anything.
Beverly smiled as she lit the Winston.
Those two would be the death of her.
"Honestly, you should just-"
"This isn't about me." He said, using a rare serious tone. "You've been acting weird around him for a while."
Beverly frowned and took a drag. "No I haven't."
Richie stared at her flatly.

"Okay, fine! It's just-"
"Bev!"

Shit.

"Hey." Ben smiled at her walking up to the pair.
Just as it had every time the past few days Beverly's mind decided it was time to do some remembering.

As Ben set down his bag Beverly was far away. He was throwing his bag somewhere into a corner. Their lips were connected, their bodies intertwined. His hands were warm, her skin tingled when he placed them on her-

"I'm here too ya know." Richie's voice snapped Beverly out of her reverie.
Ben chuckled. "Hello to you too, Richie."

His voice was smooth.

Beverly inhaled another drag of smoke, hoping it would give her an excuse to not speak.

"So what are you guys up to?" Ben asked.
"Well we're talking bout our gentlemanly callers, sir haystack." Richie fluttered his eyelashes. "Isn't that right dahlin'"
Beverly almost laughed at the accidental change in voices.

But she didn't.

Instead she slowly nodded and exhaled the smoke. Ben grinned at her.
"So who exactly came up in that conversation?" He asked bumping her shoulder suggestively.

Chills ran through her at the touch. The sound that escaped her lips left her face red and the two boys staring at her in concern.

Their sounds of ecstasy filled the smoky room. "Beverly." He whispered against her skin. His hands ran along her bare spine as his lips finally began to suck and tease her-

"Beverly?" Ben was asking.

The real Ben.
Not the Ben inside her head.

"Oh definitely." She said smirking. "We all know Richie's in love with you."

This caused Richie to start stammering in protest and a smile to spread across Ben's face.

Her stomach fluttered as she studied at him carefully. He was very handsome.
He had slimmed down considerably but that wasn't it. He'd already been handsome, perhaps not conventionally, but Bev had always found him somewhat attractive.
Now he was a different type of attractive, though. He had cheekbones, and a jawline. His baby cheeks were gone, except for when he smiled.

His smile stayed the same, and Beverly thanked any and every higher power for that.

He was smiling at her, praising her gently as she slowly slid down and locked eyes with him. "So good to me, Beverly. So good-"

"Beverly?" Richie waved a hand in front of her face.
Beverly shook her head.
"I gotta go be... somewhere."

Real subtle, Beverly.
Real subtle.
*
It happened again.
It happened every night for a week.
The dreams got progressively... stranger.
She'd wanted to stay home tonight, far too embarrassed to speak to him after last night's dream.
But her friends refused to let her miss homecoming.

Richie showed up and dragged her into his car before he picked up

Eddie. Thirdwheeling was uncomfortable.... but it was turning out to be the best part of her night.

She was sitting at a table while her friends all made themselves merry.
Mike, as head of the planning committee, was busying himself with the votes for king and queen.
Eddie and Richie were "getting some air" which Beverly was pretty sure was code for making out until they were both gasping for air.
Bill and Stan were dancing.
One would think things would be awkward for Bev and Bill, but it wasn't.
He and Stan made an adorable couple.
Especially now as Bill shyly placed his hand on Stan's waist. Stan looked redder than Bill's hair and Beverly could almost laugh, but she didn't.

She was better than that.
...
No she wasn't.

She snickered into her punch. Her laughter quickly stopped as her eyes fell on Ben. He was surrounded by a gaggle of girls, all of which were without dates, trying to dance with him.

He seemed oblivious. And he really was.

Ben didn't seem to realize how attractive he was. He didn't seem to realize that not only was he attractive but he was smart. He was smart and funny and kind and (if Beverly's dreams had anything to say about it) he knew exactly what to do.

Ben locked eyes with her in that exact moment and she felt like a child with her hand caught in a cookie jar.

Bev looked down at her drink.

She could run.
If she got lost in the dancing crown he probably wouldn't be able to find her.
Her aunt was still in Portland.

Maybe if she really tried she could run all the way to Portland.
It wasn't that far-

It was too late.
Ben's hand was on her shoulder.
"Can we talk?" He asked.

Beverly gulped.
Her mouth was suddenly dry.
She threw back the rest of her drink and nodded slowly.
*
"You've been avoiding me."
It wasn't a question.
It wasn't an accusation.
It was a statement.

He had said it with such impartiality and casual tone that of she hadn't been listen Beverly might've thought he'd said something else.
Perhaps "the sky is blue."
Or "your hair is short."
Or "my lips are soft"

No.

No not that last one.

Beverly was only assuming that last one was true. She had reason to believe it so. They looked soft.
They felt soft against her skin in her fantasies.
The sounds that escaped them were velvet.

"Is it something I did?" Ben asked.

Beverly wished she had a cigarette.
Eddie had made her leave them in the car.

She shook her head chewing on her lip and clenching her fist hoping that it would stop the tingling running through her body.

"You can tell me anything. You know that right?"

Beverly exhaled as if she'd been smoking. She could practically see

the smoke.
It curled around Ben's head swirling a halo. It brushed his cheeks as if it were alive before it disappear into the night sky.

"I've just. I had a dream."

Ben didn't say anything.

"It was about you."

Ben didn't say anything. They stood in silence. Beverly wanted to run but her legs wouldn't move. Her mouth betrayed her as Ben raised a brow.

"I had a very weird sex dream about you and I'm not sure how to feel." Beverly said it all in one breath.

It was quiet.

Her eyes were locked on the imaginary smoke curling down her legs.

"I know that whatever you felt for me... went away a while ago. I guess... I'm just a little late."

Beverly turned away after standing in awkward silence as Ben processed what she said.

Maybe she could still make it to Portland.

Then his hand was around her wrist.
It was warm and soft and it sent shivers down her spine.
His other hand was suddenly on her waist and his lips were on hers.

Yes.
They were soft.
They were so soft.

When he pulled away he didn't push her against the wall like in her dreams.
Instead he wrapped two firm arms around her, burying his head in her shoulder.
"Better late than never." Ben mumbled against her.

Yes.
Beverly decided he was right.
Better late than never.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading. Please leave requests/feedback